NEWS and GOSSIP 9/WAS INCOM

Senator Kern Discovers Bad Case of Ignorance

W ASHINGTON.—Senator John W. Kern of Indiana had an experience the other day which he will not soon forget. He was crossing the plaza east of the capitol when he was halted by a man and woman with question marks hanging out all over them, obvious signs of sight-seers and strangers in Washington. "What building is that?" asked the man, pointing to the capitol building, which he was

vious signs of signt-seers and strangers in Washington, "What building is that?" asked the man, pointing to the capitol building, which he was facing, and could see its entire length from north to south. The man spoke "United States," his language and tone, as well as his style of dress, showing him to be an educated, pretty well-set-up man.

Senator Kern looked at the man

and hesitated just a second, puzzled to know whether the man was making game of him or whether he did not know it was the United States capitol. Presently he replied with a critical smile, "That is the United States capitol." The man noted the smile and resented it at once.

"Well, I do not see any sign on the building to designate what it is."

Senator Kern instantly replied, "No, they take the sign down in hot weather, it warps."

Is there a man, woman or child in the United States who has not at some time or other seen in pictures the great white dome of the United States.

Is there a man, woman or child in the United States who has not at some time or other seen in pictures the great white dome of the United States capitol? Once seen it could not possibly be forgotten. There is not another thing like it in the world, and that any human being would not recognize the Washington monument or the United States capitol building upon sight is simost too incredible for belief.

But Senator Kern tells this story, so what are you going to do about it?

Washington Folk Rediscover the Potomac River

FROM one standpoint the prolonged session of the Sixty-fourth congress has only been prolific of things political, but it has also served to give Washington a place in the hearts of a large number of transient residents only to

be gained during the midsummer months. The river for water sports, the fine parks and country roads for driving, country clubs and roof gardens, both private and public, and numerous delightful places for dining al fresco are all revelations to those who see the capital only in its midwinter or early spring aspect.

Not even by the greatest stratch

Not even by the greatest stretch of the imagination could one call Washington a watering place, or even a summer resort, but since the rediscovery of the Potomac river through the beautiful drives and walks established along its banks, the capital need no longer hold terrors for those who

lished along its banks, the capital need no longer hold terrors for those who taust remain within the ten-mile limit of the District.

No less a personage than President John Quincy Adams waded through the marshes and tangled grass to the banks of the Potomac for an early morn-

ing dip, while the same interesting proceeding is recorded of President Taylor.

Today one meets high officials bent upon the same errand, and almost at the same hour of the morning—just about seven o'clock. The secretary of state and Mrs. Lansing are investigating the charms of the municipal bathing pool with covetous eyes, and Mrs. Lansing longs to try out the skill acquired during the winter months at the natatorium on Capitol Hill.

Senator and Mrs. Morris Sheppard can tell you just exactly where to find the best spot in the pool for striking out, or a dive, or just merely to take it easy and float. Often their companions in the pool are Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, both of whom love the water and are expert swimmers; or Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Day, son and daughter-in-law of Mr. Justice Day, or Representative William P. Borland.

The various pools and basin are so conveniently located that the wonder is that society folk have not long ago found them out. Colonel Harris had personally to conduct some of the parties to the very water's edge before he could convince them what a treat was in store for them.

A whole cabinet family of enthusiastic swimmers is that of the secretary of war and Mrs. Baker, who often take a plunge twice a day. They have an ideal pool at In the Woods, the Fairchild country place they leased for the summer, and it is supplied from an artesian well, the water of which is so clear that one may see the bottom of the pool.

What Uncle Sam's Expert on Charred Money Does

MANY thousands of dollars are saved annually for the good, but often careless, people of these United States by Mrs. Amanda E. Brown, the charred money expert of the treasury department. It is Mrs. Brown's duty to put together burned and cut money when offered for redemption. Many



work.
Some years ago, so the story goes, a farmer, while feeding his pigs, dropped a roli of bills, which was devoured by one of them. The pig was killed at once and cut open, and the pulp was found. This was sent to the treasury department, the pieces put together and the money refunded to

interesting stories are told about her

the happy farmer. The rules of the department are to the effect that if a bill can be successfully put together so that two-fifths of it are found, half of the value is refunded; if three-fifths can be put together the whole value is refunded.

Not so long ago someone sent a large number of very small bits of a bill to the department with a statement that they represented \$224. The letter was accompanied by an affidavit to that effect. After many days of work on the part of Mrs. Brown the bits were put together, and it was found that they made a complete one-dollar bill.

The frost line can be traced through the United States each autumn, treasury officials say, through this redemption work. Farmers and others have a habit of hiding money in their stoves. When they light up for the winter, the money is forgotten until it is burned, and the ashes and pieces are sent to the treasury for redemption. Beginning in the North, this same thing occurs until even the Southern farmer is turning in his burned money, when he gets cold enough to light his stove. Each year more than 2,000 such cases are sent to the department.

Rifle Practice Becomes a Fad in the Capital

F YOU chance to be passing near Fourteenth and E streets and are attracted by rifle shots, screams, and shouts, be not alarmed—the danger is little. Investigation will show that the rifles are being fired in the gallery of the National Rifle Association of

America; the screams are from timid women just learning the use of firearms, and the shouts emanate from husky men who have just rung the bull's-eye.

Every day a line of people files into the temporary gallery to take advantage of the free use of guns and ammunition which the organization has offered to the public. The crack of the rifles is continuous.

Instructors are kept busy explaining the gun, the shoulder hold, the finger grip, and, most of all, the target. The big fat man who approaches the rail with a confident smile and bangs unsuccessfully 20 times, and then explains what a wonderful shot he once had been, was there. The tail, thin chap, who seems to strain under the weight of the gun and complains of his bad sight, was also there. He squinted 40 times before pulling the trigger, just to prove his assertion. Also there was the athletic fellow with the buildog jaw who went about shooting targets as though

it was part of his day's work. He took his time and hit the buil.

And, best of all, there were pretty young girls, anxious to be instructed. The only trouble the instructors had with them, after getting them to hold the gun, was to convince them that it was impossible to hold one's hands over one's ears and fire the gun at the same time. And the little scream came every time the rifle barked.

Skilled surgeon reformed a Philadelphia boy the other day by removing a small piece of bone from his skull, but to reform the average politician it would be necessary to amputate the whole head.

EAGLETS

One of the very best Aldermen in the City Council, is Edward F. Cullerton. He has been longest in the public service of any member of the City Council and his usefulness to the people has been demonstrated over and over again.

Clarence S. Darrow is always the friend of the poor and the downtrod-den and no one stands higher at the

Popular Jack Henderson would make a good member of the State Board of Equalization.

Frank J. Hogan, the popular and well-known lawyer, would make a fine Municipal Judge.

George W. Paullin, the great furrier, has made a business record for honesty and integrity that wins for him hosts of friends.

Judge Thomas F. Scully has made a splendid record in the County Court. The people have confidence in him and their confidence has never been misplaced, either when the judge was on the Municipal bench or in his present responsible position.

Joseph A. O'Donnell, former legislator and park commissioner, is one of the most popular members of the Chicago bar.

William F. Quinian, "the father of Edgewater," has a host of friends all over Chicago.

Jeremiah B. O'Conneil, the able lawyer, has thousands of admirers who want to see him on the judicial bench.

Dow B. Lewis would make a gord County Commissioner. Judge Edward T. Glennon, the well

known railroad lawyer, is respected by bench, bar and public.

Harry W. Cooper reports a big demand for Batavia tires. They are

President Thomas A. Smyth, of the Sanitary District, has increased the efficiency of the service one hundred

per cent since he took office.

Tony Schroeder of North Halsted and Roscoe streets is not only one of the solid men of Lake View but he is a political leader who numbers his friends by the thousands.

There are no more criminals. Every cold-blooded murderer and thief is a "moron" now days according to the pestiferous reformers who are running things in Chicago. A woman is slain in her kitchen. The murderer is caught. "Don't hang him, he's a moron' shout the reformers," and he is not hanged. A mother and her babe are killed by a brute. "He is a moron" declare the reformers. It is bad enough for the reformers to be stealing the taxpayers' money for a hundred alleged "reforms," but when they keep on breeding murderers, they deserve the rope themselves.

Judge John R. Caverry is daily adding to his popularity in Chicago by his splendid record on the Municipal Court bench.

Nelson N. Lampert is the strongest Republican candidate named for State Treasurer.

The theatrical profession, men and women, the legal profession, leading business men and all other callings praise the Morrison photograph studios. Clara Louise Hagins, secretary of the studio, is always there to see that ladies receive every attention.

Frank Weeger, the well known brewer and business man, is talked of for State Auditor and State Treasurer. He would fill either position well.

W. L. Bodine, the efficient chief of the bureau of compulsory education, has made a nation wide name for his department.

Stillman B. Jamieson is one of the coming men in the Republican party. He is honest and able.

Hempetead Washburne, the popular former mayor, is active in many branches of public life.

Adam Wolf is one of the most popular men in Chicago. You can't beat him.

Judge Charles A. McDonald is mak-

Judge Charles A. McDonald is making a splendid record on the Superior Court bench. He is a conscientious and fair-minded judge.

Harry E. Kellogg, the popular proprietor of the Blue Ribbon Laundry

C. A. Smith, the veteran planomaker, is respected by all who know

at 513 North Clark street, is building

Dr. George Sultan atways made a

Judge William E. Dever is making good record in the Superior Court.

H. Schmidt of 957 Center street has a host of friends who would back him for public office.

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